

# The GUIDON

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March - April

1909



State Female Normal School  
Farmville, Va.





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# Contents

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	PAGE
Spring .....	1
Stratford-on-Avon .....	2
The South During Pre-revolutionary Days.....	8
The Dead Shall Live Again.....	12
The Tribulations of Ananias .....	13
A Toast .....	21
The Visit of the Bishop's Wife.....	22
Class Song.....	30
The Lost Discovery.....	31
Little Stories of Real Life.....	35
My Funniest Day .....	36
School Boy Logic.....	39
Methods in Discipline.....	39
Love .....	41
With the Editors.....	42
In and About School.....	45
Argus Literary Society.....	45
Cunningham Literary Society.....	47
Pierian Literary Society.....	48
Athenian Literary Society.....	48
Seminar Entertained.....	50
Senior B Class.....	51
Elementary Professional Class.....	52
III B Class.....	52
Y. W. C. A.....	53
Athletics .....	54
Miss Porter's "At-Home" .....	54
As You Like It.....	56
Notes of Warning.....	56
Who's It—and Why.....	58
A Stony Way.....	58
Crusade Against Crime.....	58
Innocence Abroad.....	59
Found In a Senior Note Book.....	60
Exchanges .....	65
Advertisements.....	67

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# The Guidon

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## Spring.

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Again the violet of our early days  
Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,  
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze ;  
The streams, rejoiced that winter's work is done,  
Talk of to-morrow's cowslips, as they run.  
Wild apple, thou art blushing into bloom !  
Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blossomed thorn !  
Wake, buried lily ! spirit quit thy tomb !  
And thou shade-loving hyacinth, be born !  
Then, haste, sweet rose ! sweet woodbine, hymn the morn,  
Whose dew-drops shall illume with pearly light  
Each grassy blade that thick embattled stands;  
From sea to sea, while daises infinite  
Uplift in praise their glowing hands,  
O'er every hill that under heaven expands.

Ebenezer Elliot.

**Stratford-on-Avon.**

---

Warwickshire is the central county of England. It is the very middle of the midlands. Drayton, a contemporary and friend of Shakespeare, wrote of it as: "That shire which we the heart of England welle maye calle." It is here that the two great Roman roads from East to West, and North to South crossed. This as the roads thus formed a cross, was known as High Cross. Later, when other were established, the great mail roads from London to the northwestern counties passed through this shire. One of these, the one from London to Birmingham, crossed the Avon at the ford over which Sir Hugh Clopton centuries later erected a great bridge. Just across this ford is the town of Stratford, the home of Shakespeare.

In Shakespeare's time Warwickshire was divided into two parts known as the Arden and Felden divisions. The Avon river was the line of division. To the north of the river was the Arden division, a large, hilly, and thickly wooded region of which the forest of Arden was the center. The Felden division was just the opposite of the Arden. It was a level open country of rich pasture lands extending to the hills which divided this shire from the shires to the south of it. Lear's description of the land given to his daughter, Goneril, well describes this country:

“Of all these bounds—even from this line to this  
With shadowy forests and with champains rich,  
With plenteous rivers and wide skirted meads,  
We make thee lady.”

This division is entirely effaced now by agricultural and mining progress, but in Shakespeare's time it was only partially affected. At least, there was enough of the large forest, which at one time extended from the Trent to the Severn, left to fill the poet's imagination with the breadth and sweetness of woodland haunts, the beauty and freedom of sylvan life as he has so well depicted in “As You Like It.” Not only in this, but also in “A Midsummer Night's Dream,” in “Love's Labour's Lost” and in the “Merry Wives of Windsor,” has he shown a very intimate knowledge of the aspects and incidents of forest life.

This region was then—and had been for years before the 16th century—broken up into many parts by clearings made for agricultural purposes. Here too were great castles enclosed and surrounded by great parks. Among these were Kenilworth castle, Warwick castle, Charlecote Park, and several others, all well known in history and many famed for their beauty and grandeur.

The roads through Warwickshire are unusual in their beauty. The road from Warwick to Kenilworth is said to be one of the loveliest in England, and the one from Kenilworth to Coventry, five miles long, is acknowledged to be the most beautiful in the entire kingdom. It was at Coventry that Shakespeare saw for the first time some of the

plays begun by the Grey Friars, but at that time carried on by the trade guilds of the place.

The Felden division was not without trees, but they were very scattered and generally found around some manor or farmhouse. Going to London, as you mount the hills which separate Warwickshire from Oxford and Northampton, you can look back over a low green country crossed by numerous streams and dotted here and there by manor house, grange, and mill. These combine to make as lovely a scene as the Arden division, but of a very different kind.

Warwickshire is rich in history. It has through its central position had to bear the brunt of several wars. This was particularly so in the wars of the Roses. The great battles of Evesham, Edge Hill, and Naseby were fought here. Here too we find the homes of several men very prominent in English history. Kenilworth was the home of Simon de Montfort, the founder of the house of commons, and Warwick castle was the home of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick. He was known as the great king-maker and was killed during the wars of the Roses. Considering the nearness of Stratford to these places, it is not surprising that Shakespeare showed in his plays such a complete knowledge contained in them.

The town of Stratford is situated on the banks of the Avon at the ford where the road from London to Birmingham crosses the river. It is built on a gentle slope extending to the river, the banks of which at this point are bordered by willow trees.

The town has changed a good deal since the 16th century. It was then a rather filthy, undesirable place of residence. Yet it was no worse than the majority of the towns of that time.

But outside of the town the fields and river were as sweet and clean as now. It maybe that the poet's enjoyment of out-of-door life was intensified by the filth of his home in Henley street.

The name Stratford is as old as Roman times; but so far as is known the town itself was not begun until in the 7th century. It began as a monastic settlement; and that part of the town is still known as "Old Town." At the time of the Domesday book, the inhabitants of the town numbered 150, and it remained small for many centuries. Richard I granted it the privilege of holding a market on Thursdays; and the place where this was held is still known as Rother market. Beginning with the 14th century Stratford began to grow and improve. Villeinage disappeared and as free tenants the villeins continued living there. Three men named Stratford, natives of the place, rose to high positions in the church at this time and two of them became Lord Chancellors of England. All three of these did much to improve the town and promote its growth. Others followed their example; the last being Sir Hugh Clopton who erected the stone bridge over the Avon. This bridge still stands and is called "Clopton's Bridge." He also built of wood and brick the house known as "New Place" which Shakespeare bought and lived in during the latter part of his life. The majority of the houses at the

time of Shakespeare were built of wood and plastered on the outside. The one in Henley street in which the poet was born was of this kind. There have been many changes made in the town—in the style of building houses, in the manner of living; but there have been no changes made in the extent of the town or the form since the days of Elizabeth.

That Shakespeare loved and remembered not only his birthplace but the whole of Warwickshire is shown throughout the whole of his writings. He describes the Avon as a river in which:

The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou knowest, being stopped impatiently doth rage,  
But when his fair course is not hindered  
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;  
And, so by winding nooks he strays  
With willing shout to the wild ocean.

It is thought by many students of Shakespeare that as the poet had never been to Scotland he had in mind Kenilworth or Warwick castle when he describes the castle of Macbeth:

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air nimbly re-  
commends itself,  
Unto our gentle senses. This, the guest of summer,  
The temple haunting martlet, does approve  
By his loved mansionry, that the air  
Smells wooingly here; no jutting, frieze,

Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle,  
Where they most breed and haunt I have observed,  
The air is delicate.

Several scenes in "As You Like It" are laid in the forest of Arden. Throughout his writings you can trace the poet's love for his native shire. Mr. J. R. Wise in his "Shakespeare, His Birthplace, and its Neighborhood," says: "Take up what play you will and you will find glimpses of the scenery around Stratford; his maidens ever sing of blue veined violets and daises pied, and pansies that are for thoughts, and ladies smocks all silver white that still stud the meadows of the Avon. I do not think it is any exaggeration to say that nowhere are meadows so full of beauty as those round Stratford. I have seen them by the riverside in early spring burnished with gold; and then later a little before hayharvest chased with orchises, and blue and white milkwort, and yellow rattle grass, and tall moon daisies; and I know nowhere woodlands so sweet as those round Stratford, filled with the soft green light made by the budding leaves and fanned with the golden one of primroses and their banks veined with violets. All this and the tenderness that such beauty gives, you find in the pages of Shakespeare, and it is not too much to say that he painted them because they were ever associated in his mind with all that he held precious and dear both of the earliest and latest scenes of his life."

### **The South During Pre-revolutionary Days.**

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Let us take a glance at the social, economic and moral life of the old South during the pre-revolutionary days, bringing into special significance the social side of life at the old southern plantation. We will first consider the land and the people. In the south the soil was rich, the climate mild, and since there was no necessity for the massing of people, everyone lived on large plantations along the streams, many miles apart, and often separated by dense forests.

The legislatures of the southern states endeavored from time to time to create trading and manufacturing towns, but with a few exceptions these remained, down to the Revolution, merely places of resort, for elections or courts, with perhaps an inn, a courthouse, and two or three dwellings.

The English were dominant in all the colonies, but their supremacy was more strongly marked in Virginia and Maryland than in any of the other colonies. What trade there was was of detail character, and the traders were thought to be of small consequence. Charleston, the capital of South Carolina, was the largest town in the south, the wealthiest planters of the towns lived there, leaving their estates to the care of overseers, and trade, fashion and politics centered in the village, which was well built and handsome.

Society in the south was divided into four classes, social distinction being sharply drawn. The



lowest class was composed of the negro slaves. The indented servants composed the next class. The middle class was made up of small farmers and tradesmen, while the upper class in dress and manners resembled the English country gentlemen of their time. There was a keen sense of honor among the upper class and a great pride of ancestry. Political power was in the hands of the aristocratic planters, the people at large exercised but slight control over public affairs. Religion in the south was at low ebb.

The means of education were limited. There were not only no free schools but scarcely any that were not free. Settlers were supposed to be capable of teaching their own children all that was necessary for them to know. There were practically no professions in Virginia and North Carolina. In Maryland and South Carolina a litigious spirit prevailed, and there arose a small body of lawyers fairly well equipped. Now let us turn particularly to the social life on the old southern plantations. The great plantations had their galloried manor-houses, runs of negro quarters, groups of barns and shops, and these together, in a large measure, were a self-sustained community.

Some glowing pictures of life in these "baronial halls" have come down to us in the journals of the pre-revolutionary travellers. The houses were usually very plain and small with quaint old dormer windows. They had their great open fireplaces, and were furnished with the plain old-time rosewood dressers, bedsteads, etc., which were imported

from England. The furniture was black with age and polished till it shone like mirrors.

The life about the place was amazing. There were the busy children playing in troops, the boys mixing up with the little darkeys and joining the association which tempered slavery and made the relation one of friendship. At special times there was special activity, the ice-getting time, the corn-thinning time, the fodder-pulling, but above all the corn-shucking time and the harvest. In addition to the perpetual round of ordinary entertainment there was always on hand some more formal festivity, such as a club meeting, a fox hunt or a wedding.

It has been assumed by the outside world that our people lived a life of idleness and ease, but no conception could be further from the truth. The masters of the big plantations had the same responsibilities as the head of any great establishment where numbers of operatives are employed. His work though, was generally so well arranged as to allow him the personal independence of participating in the duties of hospitality.

The social life of the old south was not filled with excitement, but it was replete with happiness and content. They were a careless and pleasure loving people, but their festivities were free from dissipation. Hospitality had become a recognized race characteristic and was practiced as a matter of course. It was universal and spontaneous, and was one of the distinguishing features of the civilization.

The old south has left a great influence and the new south has simply its energies directed in a new line. The old south fell short in material development, but abounded in spiritual development. It's social and moral life has its faults but what civilization has not ? For all of its faults, it was the purest, sweetest and most charming life ever lived.

Edith Lane.

### The Dead Shall Live Again.

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When dandelions star the lawn,  
And piping robins wake the dawn,  
And all the little brooks awake ;  
When bluebirds warble through the air,  
And bees are humming everywhere,  
And frogs are shrilling in the lake ;

When barnyard fowls cackle and crow,  
And heifers in the pasture low,  
And new-born lambs skip o'er the hills ;  
When to his field the plowman goes,  
As soon as roseate morning glows,  
And the mounting lark his matin trills ;

When boy and girl with blushes meet,  
And look but at each other's feet,  
And pass with sighs and yearnings strange :  
Then dead hopes rise to life again,  
And new ones seem, tho' vast, not vain,  
For Nature is but mighty change.

R. T. Kerlin.

### The Tribulations of Ananias.

---

Ananias Christian Bugg, gazing fixedly into his tilted mirror, gave a final twist to his white satin necktie and then sank upon the edge of the bed with a disconsolate sigh.

"If only," he murmured, catching sight of a sweet, girlish face peeping out from the litter of collars and cuffs strewn over his dresser, "if only Bess will understand! If she doesn't!" he wiped his face with a spotless hemstitched handkerchief, while tiny chills began playing tag up and down his spinal column. "If she doesn't," he repeated tragically, "it's all up with Ananias—now and forever!"

With a groan he arose and stood once more before the tilted mirror. He was not bad to look upon, this stalwart youth of twenty-six. Even his agitation could not conceal the firm lines of a well-formed mouth and chin, nor the unflinching honesty of a pair of flashing eyes. But evidently the sight was not pleasing to Ananias, for he suddenly wheeled sharply about and strode toward the door. As he paused to lift from the bookshelf a small, round package, he heard the great hall clock chime eight.

"In one hour I shall know," he muttered, and a minute later was walking rapidly down the avenue. Arriving at the Dermont residence, he rushed up the stone steps and rang the bell.

"Please give this to Miss Elizabeth at once," he commanded, unceremoniously thrusting the small, round package into the hands of the maid who opened the door.

"Miss Elizabeth isn't at home," began the astonished maid, but Ananias did not hear. With his last word he had gone down the steps like a shot; already the iron gate was slamming behind his retreating figure.

Reaching the town park in a state of breathless exhaustion, he sat down to watch the hands of the lighted clock in the steeple across the way. The seat he had chosen was in a dark, secluded spot whose silence was broken only by the soothing whispers of the cool evening breeze. Gradually Ananias grew calm. Involuntarily he closed his eyes to think. This process for three months now had invariably begun with the recollection of a sentence he had heard from the lips of no less a personage than Elizabeth Dermont herself.

"I don't see," she had said laughingly to a group of admiring friends, "how any girl could ever marry a man who proposed by letter."

At those words the secret and long-cherished hopes of the reticent Ananias had dropped with a dismal thud, and then of a sudden risen again at an idea so unexpected and brilliant that it had almost taken away his breath.

Despite his awkward shyness Ananias Christian Bugg was an admirer of whom any sensible girl might be justly proud. In his college days he had carried off honor after honor, the head of the

engineering department pronouncing him a real mechanical genius. One month after graduation he had been summoned to the town of Brockton to accept the important position of assistant civil engineer in the firm of Dermont and Judson. But although he had now been in Brockton over two years, he was still a comparative stranger. The fault, he knew, was largely his own, yet he stubbornly refused to remedy it. He had a genuine horror of being introduced to any one, only to see the look of polite surprise that always followed the announcement of his name. Indeed his name, the legacy of a puritanical and wealthy grandfather, was Ananias' sorest trial. In his school days he had invariably been dubbed Ann. Nor were his trials lessened when he entered college, for on the very first day a witty sophomore had hailed him as "A Christian Bugg" and A Christian Bugg he had remained. Gradually he had grown to think that everyone that knew him made fun of his name—an idea that still clung at the age of twenty-six.

Now it happened that one year after his coming to Brockton the phonograph craze had struck town. Ananias had been one of the first to purchase a machine and in the privacy of his room had soon learned how to make phonograph records. It was the knowledge of this art that had suggested to him the brilliant idea already mentioned and that had caused him to lock himself in his room every night for three months in his heart-rending attempts to compose and perfect a phonograph proposal.

In the meantime he had been going once a week regularly to call upon Elizabeth Dermont, carrying each time a purchased phonograph record, for he wished to have Elizabeth somewhat prepared for his final gift. Elizabeth really appreciated the records, inasmuch as she found their use an easy method of entertaining her numerous friends and callers. Furthermore, it must be confessed, that she felt for her father's assistant engineer an increasing admiration and was always secretly provoked when her younger sister Janet poked fun at his name. On one occasion she had carefully written on a visiting card the words "Mrs. Ananias Christian Bugg" just to see if they looked as bad as they sounded, and then impulsively torn up the card, hot to the temples at the thought of her own foolishness.

Of this event, however, Ananias was unfortunately ignorant, else he might have felt more hopeful as he now sat in the park, reviewing for the hundredth time every step in the series of events leading up to the night's climax.

"If only she will understand," he repeated half aloud, then suddenly started up in horror. "The note," he gasped, "I forgot the note." With trembling fingers he pulled from his vest pocket a dainty envelope and as he did so the words of the note flashed through his mind. "Dear Miss Elizabeth:—This record will explain itself. Knowing you would be at home to-night, I have planned to leave this, with the earnest request that you hear it at once but when you are alone. I shall call at nine.

Yours sincerely,

A. C. B."



Holding the note tightly in both hands Ananias started on a dead run. Visions of Elizabeth starting the record in the midst of the family circle, or perhaps for some unexpected caller, lent him speed, so that when he reached the iron gate he was obliged to pause for breath. At this point he had a sudden inspiration. Instead of ringing for admittance and handing in the note, as in his flight he had decided to do, he ran softly across the lawn to the open library window. The curtain was down but by listening intently, Ananias soon distinguished two voices, then some suppressed laughter, and finally the remark, "Oh, let's start it again." Sick with fear, Ananias stood on tiptoe and then—there was no mistaking it—he heard his own voice saying in beseeching tones: "Elizabeth, knowing that you would not like a written proposal, I have chosen this way of telling you what you must have long since suspected; I love you with all my heart. Won't you promise to be my wife? My life has been so lonely, yet I don't think I ever fully realized it until I knew you. I must confess I feel like a brute in asking any girl to take my dreadful name, but I love you so much that I don't know what else to do. If you could consent to take that name, I promise you that in my best way I should try to make you happy. In case you can give me no hope whatever, let the maid hand me back the record when I come for my answer. If you do or can love me, come yourself to the door. By that sign I shall know."

"Honestly, Janet," began a voice which Ana-

nias now recognized as that of Janet's chum, Ruth Judson, "I feel as if I had done something awful. It sounded funny the first time, but now ——"

"But, how were we to know it was anything personal? He's been bringing them for weeks and it looked like all the rest. Oh, if only Elizabeth had not been telephoned for to go and stay an hour with old Mrs. Miller. She's too good-natured else she never would have done it when she half suspected that Mr. Bugg was coming."

"Why, do you think she ——"

"I know she does. I like him myself, for all he is so bashful and queer. He is a genius, Bess says, a real, true genius, and, but oh dear! it's nearly nine. I guess we'd better put this back and pretend ——"

"You needn't mind," said a sepulchral voice at the window, for in his despair it seemed to Ananias as if he must speak or die.

"Mercy!" screamed both girls at once.

"If you'll pull out the screen and hand me the record, I'll ——"

"But, O! Mr. Bugg, it was all a dreadful mistake," pleaded Janet, pulling up the curtain. "We didn't know ——"

"I understand. I heard you talking, but it's all up now. Give me the thing and I'll go."

"No, you won't either," cried the quick-witted and repentant Janet. "O! I am so sorry and ashamed, but if you'll only come in, I know I can fix things up all right. I have just thought of a plan." Ananias shook his head sadly. "O! please, Mr.

Bugg. Ruth and I will never breathe a word about this as long as we live, will we, Ruth? And we'll never, never, undo anyone else's packages either. And honestly, Mr. Bugg, I would like you for a brother. Here," pulling out a screen, "come right in this way. Bess said she'd be here at nine and it is striking now. O hurry, do!"

Hardly knowing what he was doing, Ananias, assisted by the girls, crawled in and after hastily removing the record and putting it in his pocket, sank down in the morris-chair.

The front door opened suddenly.

"There's Bess," gasped Janet. Now, Mr. Bugg, you sit right here and don't you move till Bess comes in. Promise me," she implored as Ruth flew to prevent Elizabeth from entering.

"Yes, yes," assented Ananias submissively. Then as the door closed behind Janet, he shut his eyes and for the first time in three months, tried to stop thinking. In a few minutes the door slowly opened. Ananias stood up trembling.

"Janet made me promise to tell you," began a low, sweet voice as Elizabeth's figure appeared in the doorway, "that if I had heard the record I would have come to the door. I haven't the vaguest idea what that means," she added with a soft, merry laugh, advancing toward the speechless Ananias, and looking up at him with dancing eyes, "but Janet told me, if I said it, it would make you very, very happy."

"Then you really care to make me happy?"

cried Ananias, steadying himself, and then suddenly taking Elizabeth's hands in his own—

“Why—yes. That is, I wouldn't want to make you unhappy.”

“But my name, my awful name? O, Elizabeth, you'd be willing to take that?”

“Why, of course. Why not?” laughed Elizabeth, meeting his searching eyes bravely. “It wouldn't be so bad. And besides I should always call you —”

“What?” begged Ananias, as Elizabeth stopped doubtfully.

“Why, I should always call you—Chris. It's the prettiest name I know,” she added simply.

And with those words Ananias knew his tribulations were ended.

**A Toast.**

---

Here's to our honor members,  
Here's to our teachers true ;  
We will ne'er forget them  
All the long years through.  
Though we dread so much to sever  
The ties that bind us fast,  
Sweet memories of our school life,  
Will ever last.

Here's to our Alma Mater,  
Here's to the blue and white,  
To the friends we'll keep forever,  
May their memories e'er be bright.  
Here's to our classmates faithful,  
And here's to all the rest,  
We'll be loyal, aye forever,  
To S. N. S.

### The Visit of the Bishop's Wife,

---

One bright June morning, long ago when I was a little girl of about eleven, my dear mother called to me and told me that she was obliged to go to Cedar mountain that day with my father, who was a doctor, as my aunt was very ill.

She disliked, she said, to leave me alone. The boys were still at school, but that she and my father would be back at twilight and that, meantime, I must be her faithful little housekeeper, and attend to everything as nicely as I could. She cautioned me to keep my eye on the black haybasket, to find the yellow turkey's nest, to feed the little turkeys with curd at eleven o'clock, to tidy the parlor, and above all to remember that she was expecting the Bishop's wife and the Bishop's sister to make a call that day.

"Have an eye to your nails, little daughter; a lady is known by her nails. See that your hair is smooth, and put on the new percale dress with the green sprigs, I laid it out for you on the bed in your room with a fresh hair ribbon. Mind and tie a neat bow! When you see the carriage come, go down to the lawn gate to meet them, ask them in the parlor; hand round the cake and wine which I left in the sideboard, talk to them as nicely as you can; do not say AIN'T—but there darling, don't look so ser-

ious over it, you will be sure to rise to the occasion, the Strickers always do."

My heart had sunk to the soles of my feet while mother gave the "charge." Whether it would ever regain the normal height, much less rise to the buoyancy of Stricker level (the level of the defenders of old Baltimore in 1812) I did not know. However, the honour of the family was at stake and I was spurred to my best endeavors.

Supporters I had none, save the two dogs, for Viney, the servant, was a raw recruit from the "pea-ridge;" all I asked of Viney was to keep to the rear. Marce, my dear old English mastiff who had grown up with me, was of the sort born to be a comfort all his days. You did not even have to explain things to Marce; as Bob said, he knew "just so."

But as for Schneider, my brother's dog, if Rip Van Winkle's dog, for whom he was called, resembled him, I do not wonder that Gretchen tried to "break every bone in his body." For to touch Schneider lightly he WAS the most hap-hazard dog I ever knew,—a lengthy, lank, black blood-hound puppy, "ungainly, gaunt and grim."

Schneider had to have a part in everything we did, and his zeal was not tempered with discretion. Now the collective mania compels its victims in different directions. Some collect postage stamps, some wild flowers, some tea-pots. Schneider's taste led in the wake of muddy bones and long forgotten shoes. Mother used frequently to raid his collections and burn them, but lately he had grown wise

and made his museum far back under the floor of the old out-kitchen, in recesses of black darkness, which he entered by a crevice in the crumbling wall, known only to the cats and to himself.

There mother might not "stoop to conquer;" and hence Schneider would emerge at critical moments bringing from his treasury "things old and new," and proceed to lay them about the lawn, until mother went on her tour of inspection, and added them to the burnt offering whose smoke ascended daily from the wood pile.

Old Sukey, the red cow, having died, mother made Billy, the colored boy, give her honourable burial, lest her "*disjecta membra*" re-appear, and we now hoped for a short period of tranquility.

After I had watched my father and mother ride out of the "big gate," I set about arranging the parlor, the two dogs eyeing me meanwhile from the threshold of the hall door. First I polished and waxed the bare, dark floor till it shone again, all the while haranguing my troops, lest they advance and track it up. Then I filled great-grandmother Stricker's big red bowl with sweet, fresh damask roses, re-looped the white curtains and filled the open fireplace with fresh asparagus boughs, and arranged the chintz covered chairs in a convenient angle for conversation, wondering what topics my guests would be likely to prefer. Flowers and—church! Yes—and oh! my white hens! They were so shiny white and pretty, even the Bishop's wife would like to hear about them. But I must not talk about Marco and Schneider; for



everybody did not like dogs as we did, and some people even called them "creatures" and feared—"fleas." When I had given the last touches to the quaint, old parlor, a glance at the tall clock told me that it was still so early that I might feed the turkeys and yet have a little time to play. By this time I was somewhat tired of tip-toeing up to be as steady as a "real grown lady," so as I felt the necessity of relaxing my fibres, I mentally remarked that the yellow turkey's nest would "keep" until Bob came home to help me find it.

But my "Juney-apple-den" was not "keeping", as Bob had found it, and its immediate removal to a more secluded spot of the garden was a matter, now, that HAD to be attended to during his absence. I flew down the garden walk, the detested purple calico sun-bonnet flapping at my back. Soon I was scratching busily at a new hole in the earth, blissfully regardless of minor matters such as a lady's finger nails, freckles or a mud bedaubed frock. Under the summer apple tree, beneath the projecting branch, where the robin had built her nest, three raspberry bushes from the end of the row, and opposite the "snaggled" gap in the orchard fence—this was the secret code of direction. I had lined the den nicely with dry grass, packed in a lapful of apples to get yellow and "mealy," and was adding the last top layer of grass, withered leaves and twigs, to make it so "natural" that the boys would not suspect the contents, when, hark! A distant sound of crunching wheels—the Bishop's wife! and mother had said I must be at

the gate to meet her guest. MOTHER'S guest! Oh. Shade of my grandmother Stricker, how I flew! It seemed miles up that long green path as I double quicked it to the house, and up the forbidden front steps, Marco and Schneider at my heels.

Up the steps I flew, three at a time, and to my room I ran. Off with my soiled blue-checked gingham frock, the sleeves clinging to my hot arms as in a bad dream. Just one-half a minute to wipe away the mud with a dry towel from my face and hands, and what mother would have called a "Tittle-bat Tit-mouse ablution," was done, and most of the mud remained in the "odd corners" of my face and hands! Then into the new green percale dress I jumped, buttoning the revered pearl buttons, all sorts or queer ways in my mad haste. Turning to the mirror to "do my hair," I could see there, reflected as in a picture, through the cherry trees the driveway—and oh, horror! Uncle Albert was slowly turning his horses down the road convinced by the closed front door and deserted lawn that the fortress was without a garrison, or doubtless appalled by the formidable aspect of Marco and Schneider, who stood barking—yes—barking at the Bishop's wife! Oh, what would she think of me? What would mother think? This was terrible! The Bishop's wife would be scared to death; they were so big and fierce! Let the hair go! A hot, damp, krinkly mass, it fell about a burning face suffused with blushes of honest shame. But, stay, what was that unsightly bunch beneath the green percale between the shoulders? Only my sunbon-

net, with the strings knotted tight around my neck. Into the corner with the hateful thing, and down the steps! The kind, old, gray-haired driver soon saw the little Agony of Hospitality which flew, breathless along by the great high stepping horses, and smilingly turned his reins as I panted out:

"I was way down at the bottom of the garden fixing my den, I am so sorry mother is away, she will be so sorry, but I am so glad to see you; and, indeed, the parlor is quite ready. Hush, Marco! Down, Schneider! Indeed, you must come in! Please do! Oh, please."

The tall bay horses were standing now rattling their silver-plated harness and tossing their netted heads, while Uncle Albert opened the carriage door. Out stepped the Bishop's sister, benevolent, plump, and exactly like the Bishop in petticoats. Out stepped the Bishop's wife, the dearest little old lady, with bright, dark eyes, eyes as kind as Marco's eyes, I thought. Next, to my surprise, followed a strange lady from Boston, tall, stately, handsome, formal, exquisitely dressed. I certainly did think that an unusually self-satisfied expression of victory sat upon Schneider's "helm" as he preceded the procession with long, slow, stately steps up the broad walk to the house, and I wondered inwardly what he HAD done now, for as I flew up the stairs to dress I remembered to have had an impression, though vague, of the wave of a disappearing black tail near the sacred precincts of the parlor door; but I never once dreamed, no never—! For even Schneider knew better than to tamper with the parlor.

Coming in from the sunlit lawn, we found the room cool and dark, but a curious odor rested there above the perfume of June roses and fragrant Chinese honeysuckle. Mother so, so hated odors, too. We were in the friendly circle of chairs, now; shy, yet eager, with the hot perspiration dripping from flushed cheeks, I was facing the occasion and politely "making talk."

"Yes, mama will be back tonight. Aunt Serena is very ill. Yes, mama rode on horseback, she is very fond of doing so. She rode Flora; you never saw Flora, she is our best riding-horse, —" I lifted my down-cast eyes (as if impelled by the odor which waxed stronger,) "Oh-o-o-oh!" For there, doubly reflected by the polish of my labors, and almost touching the carefully with-drawn frills of the beautiful Boston lady's dress, was the most enormous bone! A bone divided like "all Gaul into three parts," jointed parts at that, and ending in a clover hoof—not Lucifer's, but far worse, old Sukey's! It was indeed the land of gall and bitterness to me. The hot perspiration turned to cold, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, I blushed more deeply, stammered, and burst into tears:

"Old Sukey's leg! I thought the boys had buried her! Oh, Schneider, what made you scratch her up? How could you—you do so, you bad, bad dog? Boo-hoo, o-o!"

The Boston lady's dignified formality gave way and the room rang with laughter. The Bishop's sister fanned my hot cheeks with her broad fan, murmuring soothingly:

"There, THERE, dear child."

But the Bishop's wife rose and stood by my side, thrusting a delicate little hemstitched handkerchief into my hands, saying softly:

"My little woman, the parlor is lovely and I have not seen such damask roses since I was a girl ; let's go out into the garden and gather a bouquet of them for the Bishop, to remind him of Mechlinberg, he loves them dearly ! Then, too, I want to see the white Leghorn hens, which your father told me of. I know all about dogs, my dear ; there is the culprit now in the door. Willie, my son, has twenty-three setters, terries, pointers and beagle-hounds, who scratch up the flowers, kill the neighbors turkeys, and hide the Bishop's shoes—when he is about to preach. Poor Schneider meant to be very nice to us, he brought the best thing he had, to do us honor."

Meanwhile the little lady had deftly straightened the buttons of my dress, smoothed my hair into a trigness which made me feel quite myself, and so cheered my spirits that the visit ended beautifully.

As for Schneider, I found that this triumph as a resurrectionist was nothing to the deeds of which he was capable ; and when shot for sheep-killing at the age of one and one-half years,—

—"he left a name at which the dogs grew pale,  
To point a moral or adorn a tail."

J. C. Slaughter.

### Class Song,

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**Tune: The Message of the Violet**

S. N. S., dear S. N. S., thy call we fain would hear,  
For underneath thy sheltering walls thou'st kept us  
    many a year;  
But ere to school days we have said our lingering fare-  
    well  
Our Alma Mater we would cheer as we sing our last  
    farewell.

Chorus.

We sing to Alma Mater of wisdom and renown,  
And those who now among us wear her laurels for a  
    crown,  
To classmates, Alma Mater, we sing to both as one  
Our hearts, our love, our all, we give for what thou'st  
    done.

And now our classmates 'tis to you  
    Our parting word we give.  
The ties that hold us each to each  
    Will bind us while we live.  
In other days when hushed our song,  
    And severed though we be,  
The dearest memories of our lives  
    Will ever be of thee.

**The Lost Discovery.**

(With apologies to Poe.)

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Dark, pitch dark—and close, without a breath of air—no room in which to move ; my feet were close together, my hands were clasped, my head was even fast. On every side the firm, padded, confines held me tightly, they buried themselves into my body, they would not move but stayed on and on. Had this gone on forever ? Would it ever end ?

Silence—the silence of death—oppressed me. I tried to speak, but my voice was gone, my tongue was held as in a vise. What death in life was upon me ! Only my eyelids free to move. They were free but to no purpose, for all was dark. The blackness of despair entered my soul, the hope of years was flown. Flown but whither ? Even hope must have some avenue of escape. I would discover it.

Wary now or it will loose itself from me. I lifted my eyelids so slowly that I scarcely thought they were moving, yet I found the avenue closed. Worse—ininitely worse than before, for more securely now did I find myself within the clutches of that demon Despair.

I trembled with terror—I essayed to move—to speak—to breathe. Horror of horrors, I was fast losing the power even to inflate my lungs with the

hot, suffocating air that nauseated me at every inhalation. I MUST escape.

Slowly I began the painful process of raising my eyelids again. This time, however, I started with one eyelash at a time. Seconds, hours, ages, passed and yet I continued slowly to raise lash after lash until every one was up. Then with the swift-ness of lightning I raised the lids only to find it gone again. Blackness stared me in the face—blackness of such ebony hue that it buried into my very heart, it sapped up what life there was left within me. Life! What mockery! Could this agonized existence be called life? Where was I? How did I come to be here? What could it all mean?

Where had my memory gone? Would I never get it back? Hush, I find it coming with a painful, flickering, wave-like motion. Again, I am tantalized, for instead of bringing relief it causes me to shiver with fear. Is there some terrible thing behind the thought of violets and roses? Are all the demons leagued together to torment me into an early grave?

Horried beyond expression, the miserable, torturing truth breaks upon me—I AM BURIED ALIVE! My pet terror, my waking, sleeping, nightmare has materialized—I AM BURIED ALIVE! and in a casket of my own making. How many years had I spent upon its construction, to find myself at last undone! Could I know I should be able neither to move nor speak when I found myself within its narrow confines. I had suffered untold agony before, but this which was upon me now—could I continue to live



and bear it ! Buried alive and destined to stay until I was suffocated and became myself as black as the surrounding gloom. I was gasping for breath. I was slowly choking to death. My eyeballs protruded. I felt them start from their sockets. My chest heaved and I panted for breath as the lost must do who are suffering the tortures meted out to the unsaved.

This horrible agony was increased tenfold, for I knew that if I could only touch the spot just above my nose, freedom lay behind my voice. But I must live on, each second a life time of torture, for motion and speech were alike denied to me. My casket was every piece made by myself and I had spent a life time in perfecting it, As I have said, I had only to touch the spot directly above my nose then shout and I was free.

Having all of my life dreaded being buried alive, I had followed the lines of invention and discovery until I had found a substance which required only a touch followed by a slight noise to make it explode. Further experiment proved that the objects beneath were never disturbed while everything above it was blown into atoms, so at once I began the construction of this casket. I had kept it a secret, too, from every living being, guarding it as I did my own soul. What an incalculable loss to humanity it would be if I did not break the bond that held me !

The thought of the loss of my wonderful discovery was a great stimulus to move. I wrestled with my muscles but the tendons seemed to have either broken loose from their attachment or were

become too stiff to move. Summoning all of the energy left within my body, I made a super-human effort to move my right hand, it moved—it moved—but not to the top. Once more I tried, I reached it. A flood of light flowed through the earth to me. I was blinded by it at first, but as my eyes became accustomed to it I saw objects above me indistinctly, then clearly.

There were flowers—flowers—flowers. Their suffocating sweetness penetrated through to my lowly home and slowly, with tenacious tugging at my heart, dragged the life from me. I opened my eyes again and looked beyond the flowers. There were crowds of people everywhere. One man was reading, the others listened with uncovered heads in a circle round about me. But the thing which took my whole attention was unnoticed by them. There just above my feet was either a luminous body or else a thing illuminated. I looked at it more closely. It had almost the proportions of a human body, and held within its paw a scroll of paper. It made frantic motions to attract attention. It unrolled the scroll and held it up to be read. Still they heeded it not. I read it. Surely this was the once demon himself, no lesser one could devise a torture so cruel as this. Upon the scroll in letters of blood was written, “Weep not, mourn not, for he deserves neither. He has cheated not only those who know him, but every person in this world from now to the end of time. To him was entrusted the rarest secret of the universe and he has been unfaithful ; henceforth, it shall remain undiscovered. The world must do

without it simply because of this man's selfishness."

Unfaithful—and unfaithful to the cause for which I had spent my life! This was more than I could stand. I groaned inwardly. It loosed my tongue and I shouted, "Begone, Demon, torture me no more."

And by the clanging of the gong I was reminded that I must hurry to be in time for breakfast. No more rarebit for me at ten o'clock at night!

Irma Phillips.

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## Little Stories of Real Life.

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My first experiences in teaching were gathered in a school for orphans. Feeling a deep sympathy and pity for these motherless and fatherless little ones, whose only home was an orphanage, I always expressed interest in whatever concerned and interested any of them. This rule, however, brought some very unexpected results. One morning about six o'clock I was awakened by a loud knocking at my door. Hastily throwing on a kimona I rushed to the door, there to find a small boy of seven, who excitedly demanded, "Miss Bessie, can't a billy goat butt as hard as a mule can kick?" A debate on this important question, with an equally youthful playmate, had become so heated as to demand immediate settlement, even though this involved disturbing my

dreams. What are dreams compared to the force of a billy goat's butt or a mule's kick!

A little fellow of five seemed utterly devoid of any sense of phonics. In teaching words from the picture chart, I learned that l-a-m-b spelled "billy goat," h-e-n spelled "chicken," u-m-b-r-e-l-l-a, "parasol." Indeed, it seemed at times that I learned far more than I taught. Then, from the giggling of some members of the class, I learned even more the little rascal was amusing the class at my expense, enforcing his sense of humor with an occasional wink.

It was in the same school that a small boy said one day, in a most consolatory manner, "Never mind, Miss Bessie, when I get to be a man I'll marry you." He had evidently reasoned it out in his little mind that no sane woman would be teaching for a livelihood if she could get married. He has reached manhood now, and I am still teaching, but thanks to my youthful suitor, it's not because "I haven't lit upon an opportunity," as was the case with a maiden lady of uncertain age who thus explained her single state.

Lily H. Smith.

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### **My Funniest Day.**

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As I look back over the events of my first school, the memory of one day always amuses me. I was teaching a one room country school. All day the children had been restless, after the noon recess

they grew worse. I spoke to the obstreperous ones time and again, but it seemed to have no effect. I was hearing a reading class when the noise got so bad I could not stand it any longer. I dismissed the class before they had finished the lesson, and got out my writing materials. Apparently I paid no attention to the children who were creating the disorder. I began to write--what, I know not. The noise got worse and worse. Still I paid no attention and kept on writing without looking up.

One boy had an ear of corn and he began to shoot the grains at the other boys. They were having a royal good time. This hubbub lasted for about five minutes. Gradually things quieted until there was not a sound in the room but my moving pencil. I kept on writing. The stillness became oppressive.

Without really looking up I had seen everything that was going on and had taken the names of eight boys who had made all the racket. Finally, with a very serious face, I looked up, "Maud, you and Nannie, go out and get me a dozen good switches. All the rest of you but —(I named those eight boys) get your things ready to be dismissed."

The children began to look at each other. They did not know what to think for they all knew that I was opposed to whipping. They thought I could not do it and those boys were just trying me.

Presently Maud and Nannie came back with an immense bundle of switches.

"Every child go straight home. If anyone stops outside I shall call him in here with these

boys." That settled them and they filed quietly out.

There were the eight boys, not too big to be scared, and I, with the most solemn face they had ever seen me wear. All the time I was laughing in my sleeves. It may have been nervousness, but the very daring of those boys made me want to laugh. I did not dare to laugh, however.

Such a serious talk as I gave them! I awed them with my words.

"Now if you are ready to take your punishment just come up here one at a time," I told them.

They looked at each other and waited, one for the other, to make the first move.

"I am waiting," I said.

AND THEY waited a little longer. Then Pearl (Isn't that a funny name for a boy? It was his real name) came up to my desk and said, "I am ready, Miss May."

One at a time the others came up until I had finished with the eight. I gave them fifteen licks each, just hard enough for them to feel. I could not hurt them much because I loved them so well.

A few years afterwards one of the boys was telling my brother about it and he said, "I thought it was a bug crawling across my back."

The boys had tried me and found that I would whip them if necessary, but they never again gave me cause to repeat it.

Mary Lou Campbell Graham.

### School Boy Logic.

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Peeps had been very bad in school. The teacher left the room. His suspicions must have been aroused, for when she returned with a switch he said,

"I had a great mind to jump out of the window while you were gone."

"Why didn't you do it, Peeps?"

"Well, I thought if I jumped I might hurt myself and I knew I would get the whipping anyhow."

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### Methods in Discipline.

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In many of our country schools the greatest problem to be solved is how to get wood. The patrons are supposed to furnish it but each waits for the other, consequently the school suffers. Often the schools have to be closed on account of lack of fuel. There are various ways of solving this problem. If the school house is near a woods, as many are in the mountain districts, the boys cut down the trees and use them. One teacher took rails from a neighbor's fence; one split up the desk for kindling. But the most original plan comes from a girl of eighteen teaching her first session. Being young and pretty all the boys in school were enamored by her charms. This conversation took place every day.

"Jessie, I am nearly frozen, please get some wood."

"I will, Miss Annie, if you will kiss me," Jessie replies with that exasperating southern drawl.

"I will not do any thing of the kind, you get that wood, sir."

"I can't get the wood till you kiss me, Miss Annie."

"Run along and get it then."

Jessie sallies forth and brings in the wood and as soon as the fire is made he gets the desired kiss.

Florida Ashby.



**Love.**

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It is love that makes the world go 'round,  
It is love that rules a nation,  
There's never a spot where love's not found  
This base of the world's foundation.

'Tis the grandest thing our Father above  
Has bestowed upon His creation,  
This supremely wonderful power to love,  
This base of the world's foundation.

And yet there is one fault to be found,  
I say it without hesitation  
One spot that makes it a thing unsound—  
This base of the world's foundation.

'Tis love we love and not the lover,  
For who has ever seen  
The one who did some fault discover  
Use love for the fault as a screen?

Few loves can stand the test of waiting  
Few hearts remain the same  
For love, so soon, will turn to hating  
Though the LOVER remain the same.

True love is the gift of God to man  
That subdues his nature as dew,  
If we try to improve it we surely can—  
Love, LOVE and the LOVER too.



### **Message of Spring.**

At this time of the year a mighty voice, that of spring, is calling to us, do you not hear? Listen! It

is a chorus of lesser voices, the voices of the opening flowers, the swelling buds, the springing grass, the warm air, and all the happy vanguard of spring.

What do you hear, as you listen?

The gentle, persuasive sun calls to us. "Look up, not down, reach higher, be not still, the world is made of deeds, not dreams, up, up!" The wind whispers, as it caresses the violets at our feet:

"Cast off dull care into my arms, fling down your burdens, live anew——," but the rest is drowned by a bursting, joyous, chorus—"The earth is new, all things are new, and fair, and bright, and full of hope and promise for the coming year. O, live anew." "Live anew!" Did you ever make New Year resolutions on the first of January? Of course, for that is New Year's Day! But long before January the first was made the first day of the

calendar. Many years ago, the year began on the twenty-fifth of March, and then it was that a clean, fresh record was begun, just when Mother Earth seemed turning over a new leaf and resolving to make a brighter, more beautiful year than ever before. Shall we not catch the spirit of this season and live anew ?

But living anew does not consist in dreams or visions, in hopes or promises, but in daring to do what is good and to leave undone what is not worth while. If we live anew we shall find no time for idle thoughts, or hands, or minds, no time to worry or to fret, but all the time to work, to walk, to read, to play. The life worth while is not the simple life not yet the strenuous life, but the abundant life. Opportunities for learning and doing are all around us, waiting to be used. Shall we answer to the call of spring, "We live anew ?"

**Notice !** We are anxious to have the last issue of The Guidon for this year the best ever published. So we want every girl who reads this to write either a STORY, POEM, or INCIDENT of some kind and offer it to The Guidon.

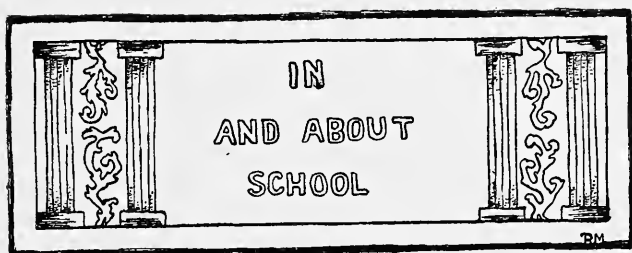
We have done the best we could for each number, but we want to make an extra effort on this last one, and we must have the co-operation of the girls. If we have this we shall succeed in making this a book of which we shall be proud.

We want this to be a commencement number. We want it to show the beginning of the girls to realize that The Guidon is theirs; theirs to make,

theirs to enjoy . We want it to represent the spirit that realizes that The Guidon is the mirror, which reflects the life, the interests, and the work of the student body ; we want this to be a fore-runner of The Guidon of the future which will take its rightful place in the front ranks of college magazines.

Let one and all come to our help by contributing the best she has of any kind what-so-ever.

All contributions must be in by May 10th.



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### ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY.

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The regular meeting of the Argus Literary Society on February the sixth was a debate. The question was:—"Resolved, That city life is more advantageous to a girl than country life." The decision of the judges was in favor of the negative. Mary Taylor added much to the program by a piano solo.

The course of study for the spring term is Shakespeare's life and some of his plays.

On the night of March the nineteenth the members of the society had a very informal chafing-dish party. A prize was given for the best candy made, which was won by Lottie Thope, Marietta King, and Majorie Thompson.

A special Glee Club has been organized in the society, which adds much to the musical part of the program.

The last meeting of the society was a literary program, which was as follows:—

Stratford-on Avon—Marietta King.

Shakespeare's Life—Florence Acree.

Shakespeare the Dramatist—Nancy Walkup.

Story of Macbeth—Ellen Hardy.

Cora Brooking and Richie McCraw rendered a piano duet and the Argus Glee Club sang a selection.

One of the most attractive and enjoyable programs of the season was presented on the night of March the twenty-seventh. The program which was a special was divided into four parts. The first part was "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works." Some of Mrs. Jarley's figures were Columbus, Old Maid, Priscilla, Cinderilla, Doll, Automobile Girl, Jack and Gill, Merry Widow, Society Girl, Minnehaha and Terpsichore. Pattie Epes made an ideal Mrs. Jarley and Eva Walters as ideal an assistant.

The second part was entitled, "Proposing under Difficulties." The third was called the "Argus Mattooner" and reflected great credit on the inventor of the instrument.

The last was a "Bellamy Drill" which was a great success.

Great credit is due Aileen Poole for presenting such an entertaining program.

CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY,

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On Saturday evening, January the thirty-first, a literary meeting was held. It consisted of papers on "George Eliot in the maturity of her power."

The second debate of the new term was held Saturday night, March the sixth. The question discussed was:—"Resolved, That immigration to the United States should be prohibited." The supporters of the affirmative side were Honor Price and Phoebe Brugh. Those opposing were Fannie Price and Louise Ford. The decision of the judges was in favor of the negative. During the making of the decision Carrie Hunter rendered an enjoyable solo.

Thursday, March fourth, the following new officers were elected:—Mittie Batten, president ; Mabel Woodson, vice-president ; Sallie Fitzgerald, corresponding secretary ; Florence Rawlings, recording secretary ; Lillian Minor, treasurer ; Carrie Hunter, censor ; Mary Dupuy, critic.

The departure of the January class left several vacancies in our society. Sophy Booker, Emma Staples, and Martha Parham were unanimously chosen to refill their places.

The second literary meeting was held on March the twentieth. George Eliot in, "The Mill on the Floss," was discussed by several members of the society. Dr. Kerlin gave us a sketch of the story which was told in a very interesting and entertaining way.

PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

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The first open meeting was held jointly with the Athenian Literary Society, January the twenty-ninth. The program consisted of six Grecian tableaux, the two society's songs and yells.

The second debate of the Pierian Literary Society was held on Thursday afternoon, March the eighteenth. The question was:—"Resolved, That co-education in colleges is desirable." Those on the affirmative were Maude Richardson and Clara Barrett; those on the negative, Pearl Bowyer and Nannie Bennett. The decision was in favor of the affirmative. While Dr. Kerlin, Mrs. Kerlin and Sue Ruffin were making their decisions, Bessie Booker entertained the audience with a very delightful piano solo.

On February the twenty-sixth the follow officers were elected:—Mary Perkins, president; Emily Ward, vice-president; Francis Stoner, treasurer; Emma Murray, recording secretary; Mary Pierce, corresponding secretary; Georgie Creekmore, censor; Clara Barrett, critic.

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ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

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On February the eighteenth the first literary meeting was held in the auditorium. Interesting pa-



pers on the life of Mrs. Browning and the chief characteristics of her poetry were read. One of her poems, "That Day," was recited and one of her letters to Mr. Browning was read. Instrumental music added very much to the pleasure of the evening.

The first debate took place March the seventeenth. The subject was:—"Resolved, That the Cavalier idea of life is saner, sounder, and more wholesome than that of the Puritan." Ella Bobbitt and Hallie McCormick supported the affirmative side and Chess Hardbarger and Maria Shugart, the negative. Dr. and Mrs. Kerlin and Miss Smith acted as judges, deciding in favor of the negative. While the decision was being made, a delightful piano solo was rendered by Laura Minkle.

A very interesting and entertaining play, "The Modern Sewing Society" was given in the auditorium, March the twenty-fourth.

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The Seminar class of this term was organized by Dr. Messenger Tuesday night, February 10. The class decided that the work they wished to do was to find what is done for normal children outside of school, such as play grounds, etc., what is done for abnormal children and the work done by juvenile courts. One meeting a month is devoted to each of these subjects, the first meeting of the month being a special program. An executive committee composed of Winnie Parsons, Emma Farish and Josephine Reed was appointed.

The first program was a special program. Mr. Bidgood lectured on the honor system used at the University of Virginia, after which Miss Smith recited.

The program for March 23 was on "The Educational Value of Candy Making." The class came dressed as children whom Miss Josephine Reed, the teacher, found knew nothing whatever of candy. After developing a lesson on candy making the class was allowed to try making it themselves. The candy that was made spoke well for Miss Reed as a teacher. Sallie Fitzgerald won the prize for the best candy recipe written in rhyme.

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#### SEMINAR ENTERTAINED.

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Dr. and Mrs. Messenger entertained the girls in Seminar at their home on Buffalo street, Friday night, April 13. Wishing to impress the educational value of jokes, all were asked to contribute one.

The evening's fun began with each telling one in turn, and the results showed much good research work. Mildred Richardson won the prize. Lively games of flinch, "snap," and muggins were ended by refreshments being served. Mrs. Messenger's music and class songs completed the happy evening.

SENIOR B CLASS.

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We are glad to welcome our three new members into our class. We are now a class of fifty-six.

Honor System has been adopted by the senior class.

Miss Margaret Clay, having completed all work necessary for a diploma, left in the early part of the term, but will return in June to take part in the commencement exercises.

The motto of the senior class is : "What's past is prelude." The colors are burnt orange and sage green ; the flower, the nasturtium.

At a meeting held February 1st, Mr. Lee Bidgood was elected honorary member of the class. We were, indeed, very glad to have Mr. Bidgood as our honorary member, and it was with deep regret that we learned of his resignation.

Resolutions adopted by the Senior Class of the State Normal School of Farmville, Virginia:—Whereas, Almighty God in His infinite wisdom hath deemed it best to take unto Himself the mother of Mr. Lee Bidgood, our honorary member, be it resolved,—

1. That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Bidgood and his sister in this, their great distress, and pray that God may comfort them in their sore trouble.

2. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to

Mr. Bidgood and also that they be published in the Guidon and in the Charlottesville Progress.

Mary C. Pierce,  
Mary Stephens,  
Emma Farish,  
Sue Ruffin,  
Committee.

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### ELEMENTARY PROFESSIONAL CLASS.

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The Elementary Professional Class was organized in the early part of the spring term. The following officers were elected : Virginia Tinsley, president ; Georgia SinClair, vice-president ; Pattie Mauzy, secretary ; Mary Alston, treasurer ; and Belle Ashburn, reporter. At a later meeting the colors, light blue and white ; flower, forget-me-not, and motto, "Contendisse est decorum" were decided upon.

Judging by the number of bright faces at Hunt's on "Picture Day" the Elementary Professional Class will have a full representation in the Annual this session.

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### III B CLASS

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At a meeting of the third B in the latter part of January, the motto, colors and flower were chosen. The motto is, "How Good to Live and Learn." The colors are lavender and green ; the flower, sweet pea.

Y. M. C. A.

---

"Ashville" is the "by word" of all enthusiastic Y. W. C. A. members, just now. A little more than a month and the Ashville Conference of 1909 will be at hand. We hope that by our efforts and through our prayers we shall be able to send a larger delegation this year than we did last. There are already several groups of girls at work trying to raise money to add to the funds. Each member of the Ashville Band has resolved to keep a mite box in which to drop her extra pennies and nickels, and in this way we hope to raise enough to send one girl. The Missionary committee has been selling candy all the year, with the purpose of sending one. The cabinet is working to send one. We do not know yet how many the association as a whole will be able to send. We hope it will be many, for we have come to realize as never before, how much it means to the whole atmosphere of our school to feel in it the blessed influence of an Ashville Conference.

On Saturday, April 10, the Social Committee gave an Easter egg hunt out at the Lythia Springs, to all the girls in our school whose birthdays come in April. It was a perfect day for such a function, just crisp enough to give the girls a good appetite for luncheon after their rambles up and down the hills.

The Easter meeting this year was very sweet

and impressive. The subject was "Risen with Christ" and the thought was taken from Col. 3: 14.—"And above all things put on charity which is the bond of perfectness." We had special music for the occasion, a solo by Mrs. W. E. Anderson.

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### Athletics.

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The S. N. S. basket-ball teams are doing hard practise now, for the championship games between the different teams are to be played very soon. Last year there were only two teams in the contest for the "cup." This year, the "Orange," "Greens," "Blues," and "Reds" are striving for the honor.

The tennis players are very enthusiastic over tennis now. This is the game best loved by the faculty. They get enthusiastic enough to roll their courts themselves. Would that the girls were half so interested!

---

### Miss Porter's "At-Home."

---

One of the prettiest social events of the school year occurred on Easter Monday night at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Milledge when Miss Porter entertained her student teachers of this term and last. The color scheme of orange and green had been

artistically worked out in the decorations with a most pleasing effect which was further enhanced by the bowl of beautiful roses which made the parlor fragrant. The first part of the evening was spent about the cheerful fire place where the guests amused themselves by making a collection of animal and human curiosities out of the unpretentious Murphy. The prize was awarded to Miss Mary Stevens whose rabbit was pronounced by all "wonderfully true to life." This part of the entertainment finished, the guests adjourned to the dining-room where they found their places at the tables by means of pretty booklets decorated with hand-painted nasturtiums (the class flower), and containing in neat form a most appropriate school-teacher's creed. The lunch was daintily served in three courses as follows :—

Chicken Salad	Beaten Biscuit
Celery	Olives
Orange ice	Marguerites
Strawberries	
Coffee	Cheese

By the time this delicious repast had been done ample justice to, the hands of the clock on the ivy-decorated mantel pointed to eleven and the guests arose to make their reluctant adieux. They will long remember the event as one of the happiest in their Senior year, for it not only brought them into closer touch with one another but also proved to them that a Supervisor can on occasion become a most tactful and charming hostess.



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### Notes of Warning,

---

"O, what's the office open for?" said Freshy with the braid.

"To give out notes, to give out notes," the shaking Senior said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Freshy with the braid.

"I fear a note from Dr. Stone," the shaking Senior said.

"For they're sending out the notes you can see them on the tray.

The girls are gathering in the hall they're getting them today.

For the short two weeks are over, and the teachers met they say,

And they're sending little notes of warning."



“What makes the rear rank shiver so?” asked Freshy with the braid.

“They’re scared, they’re scared, almost to death,” the shaking Senior said.

“What made the first girl run away?” said Freshy with the braid.

“She hasn’t one, she hasn’t one,” the shaking Senior said.

“They all go in one by one and stand beside the desk.

They studied long and hard and late with little time for rest.

And now it’s all because of an unexpected test,

That we’re getting little notes of warning.”

“Why does the lady close the desk?” asked Freshy with the braid.

“She’s finished giving out the notes,” the shaking Senior said.

“Why do you yell so loud and long?” said Freshy with the braid.

“For thankfulness that I’ve escaped,” the shaking Senior said.

“For they’re done with giving out the notes and now we’re free to go.

But study hard or in two weeks the same you’ll undergo.

Oh, the girls are looking sad to day and the reason why you’ll know,

After getting little notes of warning.”

## WHO'S IT—AND WHY

Faithful Facts About Those Old and New to Fame  
The Path of Glory Leads But  
to the Grave.

---

The mysterious disappearance of "Hampden-Sidney," after the last performance of the Dramatic Club, puzzled many of the more thoughtful of our students. The mystery remained insoluble until Dr. Kite stood forth as the dispeller of illusions, and hands were raised in horror at his disclosure. Let us hope that the results of his efforts have proved at least of benefit to science for it would be consoling to think that the gentle kitten affectionately called "Ham'-Sid" may not have lived in vain.

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## A STONY WAY.

A rule established by an old proverb has recently been proved by an exception, for it were better that even an inhabitant of a glass house eject a million stones than be pitched by one.

---

## CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME.

Many departments of school are now facing the problem of criminality among the young. The Seniors discuss the subject at length, once each month in Seminar. But, of the workers toward

this reformation, Miss Lula O. Andrews stands out pre-eminently as the most influential ; for since she has been leading the movement, statistics show a decided decrease in the wholesale, vicious murder of the King's English.

All Normalites know that Dr. J. F. Messenger is the member of the faculty to apply to for help or suggestion on all matters both related and foreign to school work. The girl of affairs who especially realizes this takes great delight in attending his classes. Lessons enter only into her subconsciousness; before class she is hurriedly busy, she comes to class late and in class is dreamy and preoccupied. When called on to tell "What determines to what we give attention" she has not the slightest idea. What must she say ? Ah ! What a powerful influence habit has. With scarce an instant's hesitation she turns to the usual source of information. "Dr. Messenger could you help me out of this trouble ? I dont know how to answer." As usual aid is not sought in vain.

S. T. F.

### INNOCENCE ABROAD.

A Junior is fond of telling the following on one of her brightest classmates.

Walking with her a few mornings ago, before chapel, she was surprised to hear the polite inquiry,

"Will you please tell me what that man does? He carries something from house to house every

morning at exactly the same time ; I've been watching him since last November and I can't make it out."

"Do you mean to tell me that you never saw a post-man?" gasped the astonished friend.

"No indeed, why should I know? We don't have 'em in CULPEPER.

FOUND IN A SENIOR NOTE BOOK.

Be it Resolved:—

First, That this day (Thursday) I WILL FINISH, the story for the Guidon and the material for class meeting Saturday night. To be done at odd moments during the day when I am not writing on the above, eating, talking, laughing or pecking on the boys,

Philosophy of Education, Juvenile Literature and History of Education papers. N. B. drawings for annual and poem for same, are to be done tonight when all of the above material is completed.

Second, That I will not go deranged when this day is over.

Given under my hand and seal this first day of April, 1909.

---

Is M. D. an American?

No, she's a German; she was born in Scandinavia.

---

## PRESENT ADDRESS UNKNOWN.

2 B (to Librarian)—Say, can you tell me where I can find the "Deserted Goldsmith?"

---

## YOUTHFUL THOUGHTS.

2 B (to Librarian)—Do you know where I can find "The Ride of Paul Reverie?"

---

## READING BETWEEN THE LINES.

Lula (writing to brother)—"It really makes me sad to think how soon I'll leave school, but there is some consolation in being able to make your own money."

Interpretation—Dead broke.—Can't you send me \$10 or \$20?

---

## IT PAYS TO BE WISE.

Inquiring one (hearing a bell ring):—I wonder why that bells ringing.

Mr. M-tt-n—Because somebody is pulling the rope.

---

## HARD TO RECONCILE.

L-e—Gertrude you are a "honey, but the bees don't know it."

G-t-d-e—Well, its mighty funny that I get "stung" so often.

Shy girl (entering a store on a very warm day.)  
“Give me five cents worth of “‘kisses.’”

Clerk (beginning to mop his face.) — ? The girl had fled.

---

Teacher—What are the most important products of  
Canada ?

Pupil—Mosses and lichens.

---

Old Girl (writing names of philosophers)

New Girl—Wasn't Plato a philosopher ?

Old Girl—No, goose, he was god of the lower regions.

---

There is only one girl in school who does not have to go to Chapel. “Chappel” comes to her.

---

“Mother,” said a first grader, rushing in, “I certainly do like Miss B—; she has such a SMILING complexion.”

---

Dr. Messenger to his class in Advanced Psychology:—

“I want you to think for a moment and see if any one of you can imagine the mental state of an ignoramus.”

For the first time during the term every hand went up.

## GEOMETRY APPLIED.

First B—gazing open eyed at the circus parade,  
“O look ! LOOK ! Yonder comes the HYPOTENUSE.”

---

Miss S-m-t-h :—“What is a Malady?”  
F-l-n-c-e :—“Some kind of music.”

---

R-t-h :—To what class do you belong?  
A-n-n-e :—I think it's the B Class.

---

A wonderous thing I saw today,  
When coming down the path ;  
I met our Gyp upon the way  
And lo ! he d had a bath.

---

Miss H-n-e-r :—“Who can change this sentence—  
‘She gazed longingly and lovingly at the WIDOWS  
WEEDS in the window?’ ”

Girl :—“What kind of flowers are WIDOWS WEEDS?”

---

Dr. S-t-n-e :—“Give me an illustration of a question  
which tests knowlege.”

Girl :—“In what year did George Washington  
discover America ?”

Miss J-r-r-t:- "M-n-n-a, translate the next sentence."  
M-n-n-a :- "Caesar constructed an earthquake sixteen miles long with a gate sixteen feet high."

---

What makes Miss R hurry so,  
In fact she seems to lope?  
'Tis April Fool as you should know  
And she has eaten soap.

---

Sing a song of Ivory soap.  
With chocolate around it.  
Ate some of it on April first  
But well the girl I pounded.





### Exchanges.

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The Hollins Quarterly, for February, is one of the most enjoyable magazines that has come to us this year. Many of the college magazines are of local interest, or, at the most, of interest to college students; but we find this number of the Hollins Quarterly one which is well worth anyone's reading. Unlike many magazines, there is no scarcity of poetry and no meagerness in its range. "The Ballad of the Slothful Maid" is exceedingly laughable, and its applicableness to all school girls renders it of interest and gives pleasure to all. But "The Blind Shepherd Boy" puts us in a more serious frame of mind as we feel first sad and then glad, on account of "a little boy who is blind." "The Divine" shows forth a deep appreciation of the soul's longing for the divine. The other poems are good also. The story, "Out of the April Day," is an interesting little story, as is also the "Triumph of Billikin"—tho' the latter is rather unreal and

exaggerated. The idea of having a number of short stories, under "Shreds and Patches," is an excellent one, and the stories here, too, are interesting, tho' most of them have rather sad conclusions. The article on Rudyard Kipling will have a tendency toward arousing an appreciation of this great literary genius in the unappreciative, and it shows an appreciation on the part of the writer for the man "who draws the thing as he sees it for the god of things as they are." Lack of space and time prevent our passing favorable comment on many other articles in this excellent magazine.

The March number of *The Messenger* has three very good poems in it, and its weightier literary matter is well up to the standard ; but there are almost no stories and the few we do find are hardly worthy a place in the magazine. "Cupid's Comedy" the only completed story, is rather weak. The puns on the names "Bob Earnest" and "Percy Young" are extremely poor. "Azazel" is good, and "The Panama Canal" is a creditable article.

The *St. Mary's Muse* is a very good little magazine so far as it goes, but it is always very short and with very few articles in it. The February number seems a little above the average in that it has more articles. We doubt not that the students and alumnæ find much pleasure from it, but if less space were given to local affairs and more to real literary matter, it would be of more interest to the college world at large.



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